springs from unwillingness to act
independently. The
chi^d trusts the father because it cannot
help d3ing so; the
wife trusts the husband, because she
delights to do so. The
child is an independent personality ; but
the true wife merges
herself into and becomes one with the
husband. The child
separates itself when full-fledged; but the
true wife would
rather die than be alone—away from her
lord.

"PI! be there-
in death's cold wedlock by
Thy side
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill waves my Love lies
under;
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder."

Let us not fail, however, to look at the
other picture—the
picture of the sunny spectacle of the
mother with the babe
she loves. She lifts it, washes it, cleanses
it, dresses it,
anoints it with fragrant scents, kisses it
with rapturous smiles.
The child feels and enjoys all this thrilling
love and gently
throws its tiny arms around the mother.
That is symbolic
of worship. All the mother does is as much
as to say
(t You are my precious darling," and all the
darling does is
as much as to say " You are my sweet

mother."
Further, the child receives the full
nectarine current of
life from the mother's bosom ; and that
bosom which drains
itself, transmuting the very life blood into
the life-giving
milk, feels immensely gratified as the child
at that bosom
conveys its silent gratitude with the gentle
touch and the
genial look. So d3es the Supreme Being
receive satisfaction
when we turn to Him and with adoring
looks say ' Thou art
our Mother.' That comprises all the wealth
of love and all
the beauty of purity. Thus Pie is our
Mother. We praise
and glorify Him as the Mother.
Moreover, the finger of the mother held in
the confident
hand of the child sets the current of new
life flowing from one